The Commonweal

February 1, 1952

Glimpses of Ireland

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

McMaster, Fighting Editor

Russell J. Jandoli

FRANCIS DOWNING • WALTER KERR • SERGE HUGHES
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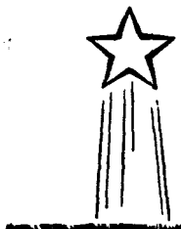
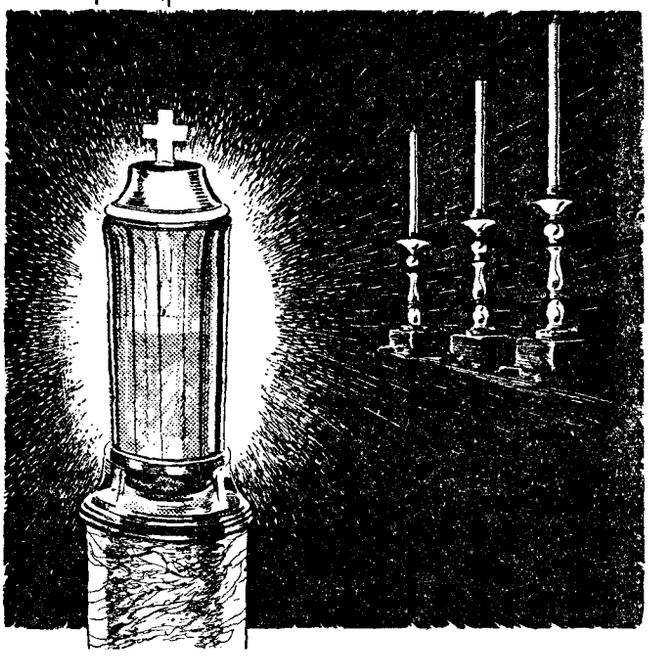


Like the Star Which Guided the Magi . . .



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THIS WEEK

Week by Week 411

Glimpses of Ireland
by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn 415

James A. McMaster, Fighting Editor
by Russell J. Jandoli 418

The Mystery of Matriarchy
by Francis Downing 421

The Stage
by Walter Kerr 422

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 424

Communications 425

Books 427

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Mr. Sugrue's Article

ONE of the main difficulties in the way of better Catholic-Protestant understanding is that the two churches have a common vocabulary but a disparate theology. Even when Catholic and Protestant are using the same words they sometimes have different meanings in mind, and the confusion leads controversy up a blind alley. Thus when a Protestant speaks of "the Church" he usually means the spiritual unity of sincere Christian believers, of whatever denominational or theological persuasion. The Catholic, on the other hand, is much more specific. When he speaks of the Church he means the visible society of baptized persons in communion with the Pope.

The basic theological understanding of the nature of the Church, of what role it should play in the world and of how it should b organized, indeed *if* it should be organized at all, differs between Catholic and Protestant. And from our separate understandings of the Church flow distinct understandings of the function of the clergy. When a Protestant is talking about his minister and a Catholic is talking about his priest, they are speaking of men who, by the nature of things, are ordained to perform quite different spiritual functions, though they may share many of the same concerns for their flocks.

A great deal of light might be shed on religious controversy if each took the other's theological understanding into consideration before making judgments. Then we would not have the present situation where, for instance, Catholics, applying their own understanding of the teaching Church, are shocked that Protestants of quite different (and sometimes contradictory) persuasions share each other's pulpits, while Protestants, applying *their* understanding of "the Church," are disturbed because the Catholic Church is emphatically hierarchical and 'undemocratic,' or remains aloof from inter-faith movements, holding that return to Rome is the only way to Christian unity.

In the one case, the Catholic is prone to make too much of the seeming illogic involved, the seeming unconcern for truth. "How can you all teach something different and still speak of unity?" he sometimes asks in scorn. But, according to the Protestant concept of the Una Sancta, there is no internal inconsistency or illogic. Again, the Protestant is often too quick to ascribe the Catholic Church's withdrawal from ecumenicism as sheer arrogance. But when he does, he is losing sight of just what the Catholic understands by "the Church."

Many of our troubles seem to stem from this fact that Protestants are often judged by Catholic standards and found seriously wanting, while Catholics judged by Protestant standards, are likewise found woefully remiss. Sometimes it seems necessary to say it: Catholics are not good Protestants and Protestants are not good Catholics, and nobody should be shocked that this is the way things are.

THIS, it seems, will explain to a large degree the reactions, among both Protestants and Catholics, to an article published in the January issue of the *Christian Herald* and partly reprinted in *Time* for January 21. The article, called "America's Religious Dilemma" was written by Thomas Sugrue, a Catholic layman and well-known writer. Mr. Sugrue has some harsh, and it would seem somewhat exaggerated, judgments to make about his Church.

Catholicism in the U.S., he says, is "totally nonmystical; it is booming, aggressive, materialistic, socially ambitious, and inclined to use its membership as a paranoid pressure group, threatening anyone who so much as criticizes the way it ties its shoelaces."

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Mysticism is a hard thing to measure, and a Christian will never go wrong by accusing his fellows of not being sufficiently prayerful. But "total" is a pretty sweeping word. We think the editor of the *Christian Herald* (the Rev. Daniel Poling, recent candidate for mayor of Philadelphia) might charitably have presumed that the contemplative convents, monasteries, the lay retreat houses and apostolic movements, all of which are booming, along with the picket lines and St. Patrick's Day parades, and the marked increase of theological interest and spiritual reading among American Catholics bespeak some serious attempts at putting first things first. As an editor, he might have prevailed upon Mr. Sugrue to tone down the sweeping accusation.

As for Mr. Sugrue's other criticisms, some of them are very much to the point. We *are* an "aggressive, materialistic, socially ambitious" lot, but not wholly without self-criticism. The same failings that Thomas Sugrue states have been aired publicly, and perhaps with more grace, in Catholic periodicals for some years now. Still maybe it is good that the *Christian Herald* has offered its pages to hang out dirty Catholic linen, however ill-mannered or self-righteous it may at first appear. It may even provoke the *Herald's* Protestant readers to examine their own consciences.

IF ALL that Thomas Sugrue had done was to scold his fellow Catholics from a Protestant pulpit, it might have been good for our humility. Then the only objections that could be raised would arise from pride or shame. But it seems that Mr. Sugrue has come to some theological conclusions of his own, which he proposes in the article, and these do not always square with orthodox Catholic teaching. Nothing theological in Sugrue's article will seem very strange to the magazine's Protestant readers; however, his fellow Catholics may be occasionally surprised. In fact it almost seems that Thomas Sugrue on his own has laboriously re-invented Protestantism. Such sentences as "All Christian roads lead in the end to God, just as all rivers, eventually, reach the sea. Pilgrims on these highways know that this is so, and realize that many roads are necessary for the many kinds of people," have a distinctly Protestant ring. Or "[Jesus] *suggested* (italics added) a Church, one through which man might find his way to God." Or "If the function of the Roman Catholic Church had remained pure [the Pope] would have stayed the head of an organization devoted to the *inner* world, (*italics added*) to the redemption of man."

If this were a Protestant apologist speaking, the Catholic, at least the well-mannered Catholic, would take it in good grace. When it comes from a Catholic, even via a Protestant magazine, one not only wonders about the inconsistency, but one's sense for the fitness of things is outraged.

It is no reflection on Sugrue's honesty or sincerity to point out that his article may create further difficulties and misunderstandings between Protestants and Catholics. Protestants, applying his and their yardstick to a Church built on quite a different concept, may be horrified to find how Catholicism fails to measure up. Catholics, finding themselves burdened with practically all the blame for religious tensions and their Church judged harshly according to a non-Catholic understanding of its role in the world, will bear resentments. The article, if anything, may encourage rather than defeat the "booming, aggressive, materialistic, and socially ambitious" elements among American Catholics, while it enheartens certain complacent, self-righteous elements in the Protestant camp.

All in all, we think the article and its publication was a mistake. It has hurt no one more than those on the Catholic side who find themselves in general sympathy with Mr. Sugrue's antipathy toward aggressiveness and social ambition among Catholics.

Not two days after the *Time* reprint appeared, the Brooklyn *Tablet* was on the streets, with Mr. Scanlan's comment: "Mr. Sugrue betrays little knowledge . . . of Catholics or the Catholic Church in the United States, except what might have been picked up from anti-Catholics or that

NEXT WEEK

BERTRAND SCHNEIDER writes about reviving morale in several camps of German refugees.

"These camps are everywhere. Thousands of human beings who have done nothing but live normally, in average fashion, just like any of us. They were neither very good nor very bad. They were average. And now they have lost everything; they are wounded but they no longer have the strength to cry out; they merely exist. Death, identification tags, rape, separations, they have come to accept as normal. They no longer have hope."

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small, smug clique known as 'liberal' Catholics."

The article has made the lot of the "liberal" Catholic (a favorite whipping boy in Brooklyn) that much harder. It would have been better all around, it seems to us, if in that article, as in his book, Mr. Sugrue had clearly stated that his theology, by Catholic standards, is somewhat off the beaten path and that, in this regard, he is in no way a representative of those *Tablet* villains, the "liberal" Catholics.

Korean Truce Mirage

THIS much seems plain after seven months of vain negotiating with the Chinese Communists: they would have agreed to an armistice in Korea if they could have obtained terms disadvantageous enough for the UN forces. Their original willingness to parley signified not the slightest change of heart or of ambition. Their object is still to push the UN forces out of Korea once and for all.

For one thing the parley has served as a continuation of the Soviet war of nerves. A military stalemate comprises the most unpalatable situation. American impatience grows. There are new expressions of sentiment in favor of taking the war to China itself. For all the public can see we are getting nowhere in Korea. With Chinese negotiators increasingly intractable, the attempt to resist aggression in Korea appears to have reached a real dead end. Restiveness over prolongation of the present exasperating state of things is only natural.

But can we allow our legitimate impatience to goad the UN command into making a single fatal move? Admiral Joy says that we have exhausted the possibilities of reaching some acceptable conclusion by way of negotiating; that there remains only the possibility of forcing a conclusion satisfactory to us upon the completely uncooperative Chinese.

How would we go about that? Bombing Manchurian bases within a certain radius of the Yalu? That is perhaps the least risky of the steps proposed, although it would seem to mean that we should then have to be ready for a full-scale air war over Korea. That would harass certain enemy sources of supply, but would it do so sufficiently to bring the Chinese Communists to terms at last?

A second suggestion is to bomb Chinese industrial cities, which would inevitably mean great civilian loss of life and among other things the alienation of the Asiatic masses. A third step, presumably along with the bombing, would set up a naval blockade of China and require the interception of Polish and Russian ships—a procedure that would greatly intensify and spread the risk.

Surely this is an unhappy set of alternatives. Each should be weighed against our currently incomplete but steadily growing state of preparedness. Each should be considered in the light of the present state of the defenses of our principal concern, Western Europe. Then it will be readily seen that the likelihood of our being able to force an acceptable Korean truce upon Communist China without heedlessly jeopardizing our larger objective is extremely slight. With time still on our side, a policy based on cool thinking, patience and resoluteness can prevail. We, as the USSR does, must scrutinize the possibilities in Korea in relation to the global stakes.

"Deadly Competition"

IF THE textile industry provides any index, it would seem that the American factory owner normally has the final say in protracted industrial disputes. There are minimum wage laws, collective bargaining and well-established arbitration procedures, but if a mill owner decides simply to shut up shop or to transfer the company's operations to sunnier climes, there is little in the way.

At the moment, for instance, a new wage contract is in the bargaining stage at the American Woolen Company. The company has informed the Textile Workers Union that wages must be cut in the new contract to meet "deadly competition" from the South. It also has demanded greater productivity per worker and a reduction of state and local taxes.

If these demands are not met, the company threatens to close down its remaining twenty-one New England mills and start new ones in the South. To be certain that the workers are fully aware of the weakness of their position Mr. White of American Woolen told a large audience in Lawrence, Mass., that his company was planning to move a lot of its machinery out anyway; compliance with company demands would simply determine how much would remain. And, thanks to years of amortization, liquidation of its New England facilities would not cost the company much.

In the matter of taxes Mr. White said that there was one southern state where they would have been but one third of what the company

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had paid to state and municipality last year. What is most surprising is that he rated higher productivity as more important than wage differentials in the competitive advantages of the South. He blamed much on the contract restrictions on output per worker in the North, gave expression to his lingering faith in New England know-how.

Spokesmen for the union are pointing to the substantially greater productivity clauses in the new contracts made with several northern mills. They say that the introduction of new machinery would permit higher output without new negotiations or that, even with present plant, arbitrators could approve new work loads where deemed necessary.

American Woolen does not present an isolated case. The cotton-rayon association in the New Bedford, Fall River area is exerting similar pressure upon the workers. An injunction and a suit by the union seeks to block the plans of the Utica and Mohawk Cotton Mills to move from upstate New York to two cities in South Carolina. It all comprises a story that has been repeated many times in the past two decades.

That does not make it a good story; that does not make moving South an inevitably acceptable solution when competition gets stiff as other areas make the most of lower production costs. Actions with such widespread social consequences should be hedged about with effective and equitable government restrictions. Organizing southern workers and doing away with the twenty cents an hour wage differential are in order. The lower taxes (and lesser facilities for the public) in the southern states constitute a competitive advantage. That might be largely offset by New England's greater proximity to major markets.

When workers in one area compete for their livelihood with workers in another on the basis of output and wage scales, the competition is "deadly" indeed. Yet it is bound to continue so until the American textile industry is fully organized.

Press Month

WIDELY, but not universally, February is devoted to promotion of the Catholic press here in the United States. Press exhibits are set up in hundreds of localities. The individual often finds himself on the receiving end of a number of special subscription offers. To win more readers and extend the influence of these periodicals is the watchword.

The Catholic Press Association itself is currently encouraging its members to think of this month also as a period for self-criticism, for persistent thought about ways and means of improving the professional and other standards of Catholic journalism in the general interest.

The range of these publishing activities is very great. It extends to newspapers and magazines; popular, technical and scholarly journals; those edited by the clergy and those edited by the laity; fund-raisers for good works and journals published simply to express a point of view; official publications, organs of various movements and those published on a few individuals' initiative.

Each of these has its own editorial and promotion problems. No formula would apply for all of them. It would seem, however, that in all these endeavors, which in their aggregate reach millions of readers, there might be encountered certain common notes. All, in one way or another, are intent on spreading the glad tidings. Accordingly, there are certain tendencies which are highly appropriate for all of us.

One of these has been expressed as "reverence for the truth." No matter what the controversy, the facts must guide; the word of a Catholic journalist must be unimpeachable. Errors that may occasionally result from incomplete or mistaken information must be readily acknowledged. The temptation to rush into a controversy without the proper competence must be stoutly resisted.

Of comparable importance is an editor's or writer's attitude toward men with whom he finds himself in serious disagreement. He cannot presume either bad will or bad faith on their part; without overwhelming evidence to the contrary he has to argue on the basis of their sincerity. He is constrained to demonstrate his case on the basis of the pertinent issues themselves.

Finally, a positive note should be dominant in all our publications. The justice, harmony and brotherly love of the kingdom we seek, the ideal society we want, the good things temporal and spiritual we desire to bring to our fellow men should take firm precedence over complaints about the evil deeds and ambitions of our (and society's) enemies.

Brief and incomplete as these suggestions are, they are difficult for any of us to live up to with consistency in a world as tense as ours. Yet as Catholic journalists we would not seem to rise to the considerable opportunities we have unless we make some such attempt.

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Glimpses of Ireland

"Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" can be translated "Joie de vivre, Catholicism and Personality."

By ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

THE first impressions of Ireland are not materially different from those given by the English landscape. Only slowly does one gain an awareness of difference. There is a certain unkempt, un-British wildness about the Irish fields and villages, and the towns exude their own peculiar atmosphere.

Dublin seems "English" at first too, but here the correction comes sooner. Dublin is a Georgian city, with its first zenith of prosperity and culture in the eighteenth century. After the Gothic past and the interlude of religious and national wars, comes neo-classicism, with ale, good eating, good writing and Trinity College. Yet one has to be on guard against clichés. "Dear, dirty Dublin" now is not dirty at all but cleaner than an English city. Occasional inscriptions in Erse—the street signs are bilingual—inject no more than a minor note of strangeness. Otherwise you see the same goods advertised as in Britain, and even notice the Union Jack among the national flags fluttering over some hotels. There is a Royal College of Surgeons and a Royal Dublin Society. Yet the people themselves are very different from their cousins (and they are sort of cousins) across the St. George Channel.

Among Dubliners there is no sign of the all-embracing process of leveling found in England today. There is a greater *visible* difference between rich and poor and even between "racial" types. Perhaps Catholicism, with its cultural accent on diversity rather than the mixture of tribes and tastes, effects this variety.

Yet while there is a marked difference in the social extremes, a greater social unity, one senses an implicit belief that the ideal society is like a chord consisting of many notes. Although there are poorer and richer quarters in Dublin, there are no "restricted areas" or "smart addresses." The slums of Dublin, just as those of Seville or Rome, can be just around the corner from sumptuous dwellings.

In Dublin, unlike an English city, one makes acquaintances right and left, in the buses and hotels, in the pubs and the streets, in shops and restaurants—especially in those which stay open until 4 a.m. My first contact was a civil servant I had met on the train. He led me in whirlwind fashion through the city. There was the problem of finding a room during the agricultural shows, and this involved about ten telephone calls. In the meantime we went to a musty checkroom where I left my suitcases, and a great amount of conversation ensued with the baggage man while nearby a Sean O'Casey character sang *The Rose of Tralee.*

Later there were drinks in a pub and a vigorous talk with a man who had participated in the Easter Rising. The man had read every known book about the Hungarian Revolution of 1848-1849, in order, as he said, to "learn" from this "case history." There was more talk in the dining room of a hotel, where the guests made the Sign of the Cross before sitting down. A bookstore followed and more talk with a saleswoman. After we had started to the hotel we ran into a priest who had overheard our conversation in the store. The priest was a stranger, my new friend was a stranger, but he told the priest, in front of the columns of the Bank of Ireland, all about my lives and loves, and since the discussion was animated a few more people stopped and listened in.

IT'S quite an experience to study the faces of the crowds moving along O'Connell Street. It takes an effort to coordinate what one sees with the memory of working and living ten years with Irish-Americans.

The women, undoubtedly, are more attractive than in England, but they lack the good cheap dresses their sisters can buy in America—and also the cosmetics. Yet their expressions are more personal, more "soulful," if you want a dreadful word. It is different with the men. They look harder, more determined than American-Irish

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Mr. von Kuehnelt-Leddihn is an Austrian writer who spent some years in the U. S. He is now in this country on a lecture tour.

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—though among the youth there are some astonishingly angelic faces such as you find only among certain young French priests. Still, the human variety is great, and nobody here would be tempted to make the depressing statement that "after all, human beings are more alike than different."

Quite a number of young men and not-so-young men in soiled trench-coats still seem to carry non-existent automatics in their pockets. The ground soil of Ireland is Catholic, and this means that it is a revolutionary, and not an evolutionary place. The skies may be northern and indistinct, the clouds frayed at their ends and of grey milk, the green of the pastures so glossy that it kills all memory of arid slopes and desert lands—yet there's something Mediterranean, something Spanish about this country. A few Irish know it. When I mentioned this idea, one of them remarked that their recent Prime Minister is named Costello. And they put the accent on the first syllable.

The Irish faces are medieval faces, stone-age faces, the faces of people without any notion that "fifty-fifty" is a great ideal, in business, politics, religion and private life. Like Spanish faces they seem to say *Todo o nada.* Curious that I should have mistaken this island for a "part of England," that I should have drawn conclusions about Ireland from my experience with Irish-Americans.

THE Irish-English antagonism is of a very different order from the tensions, hatreds and wars between different ethnic groups on the Continent. Here it is a case of a family affair which, being of that nature, could be more bitter than discord between real strangers. In a family strife an added effort has to be made to deny, to negate, to destroy the relationship which forges an ironical link between the warring parties.

The English are Celts who have been more successfully anglicized, saxonized and normanized than the Irish. But the difference is one of degree, not of essence. The Celtic element stands out in Irish names, but not so in English. Yet some typical Irish names are Norman (Fitzgerald, D'Arcy). If there is a real difference it lies to a certain extent in the geographic factor. Ireland gazes sadly into the vastness of the ocean, which the majority of Erin's progeny has crossed.

Most important is the Reformation in Britain and the resistance of Ireland against this change, which tore England from the Continent and Ireland from England. From then on we see the disappearance of Merry Old England and the way is open for Victorianism and the Labor Party, with Ireland finding an affinity with England only in the eighteenth century, when the equivalent of Baroque—not Baroque itself—temporarily united the two countries.

The notion that the Anglo-Irish consciously form some sort of "racial minority" in Ireland is misleading. This is one of the most gifted minorities anywhere. They have given the world men like Swift, Tom Moore, Laurence Sterne, Oscar Wilde, AE (Russell), W. B. Yeats. The secret of their success lies probably in their minority position. Yet they are a *sub*conscious minority and, perhaps, as such, are treated *sub*consciously. At least, this is the feeble surmise of an outsider.

Here we see not only the Catholic *popular* tolerance towards the heretic, but also the amazing force of assimilation which characterizes the Emerald Isle. Even the present English refugees who settle in Eire become rapidly Irish in sentiment, while the Irish in England rarely, if ever, give up their Irish consciousness.

The Irish are not a nationality in the sense of the French Revolution, not a political *natio,* but a *gens,* which for lack of a better word I should like to translate into "tribe." Hence their status is "inalienable," and the world has settled down to accept this fact. There is a certain nervousness in America about all hyphens except one: the Irish-American. Even on the European Continent the Irish loyalty of the seventeenth-century emigrant families never died out. The last Count Taaffe, grandson of an Austrian Prime Minister, returned to Ireland not many years ago, resuming residence in his ancestral country after an exile of three hundred years. It would also be a great mistake to think that the Presbyterian Scottish settlers of Ulster consider themselves to be anything else but Irish.

The Irish are not anti-English but anti-England, which is a very different matter. They would never submit again to direct English rule and they would fight to the last man if forced back into the fold of an all-British Parliament. The automatics would be right back in the soiled trench coats, and the flag of rebellion would again proudly fly. Yet there is the simple fact that thousands of Catholic South Irish joined the British Army in World War II. Today the people of Eire poke fun at the Northern Irish, who had a far smaller percentage of volunteers. There are politicians and high civil servants with brothers holding similar positions in London.

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When recently a group of Irish ex-servicemen carried a Union Jack in a Dublin parade, there was wild applause.

It is equally true that the "republicanism" of Ireland, as we are told by Seán O'Faolain, is a counterfeit affair. Let Princess Elizabeth or King George VI come over to Dublin and give an address in Erse (which only a minority understands) and republicanism would melt overnight. Yet here, unfortunately, we have again a classic case of the English rubbing a people the wrong way—not so much through fiendish brutalities, injustices and open persecution as through a subtle patronizing air and the desire to "improve" them, just as English governesses on the Continent have done for the last century. In spite of landlordism and feudal restrictions, the Irish masses did not rise against England before the advent of the English bourgeoisie.

Irish rebellions originally were led by Anglo-Irish gentlemen of the Protestant faith. It was the "sight" of the English bourgeois which created the mass rising, not so much against the crown but, instinctively, against a deadening conformity, against uniformism and "hygiene," middle class complacency and legalism. The Irish revolution, as a matter of fact, was in favor of everything that was fine and good in the British Isles. Hence the survival of the best English values and traditions. "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion!" This could be translated into *Joie de vivre,* Catholicism and Personality, resisting the collective forces. The spirit against matter. Put it into reverse, and see what we get: "Prohibition, Protestantism and Prostration," a formula distinctly lacking glamor.

THE Irish are overwhelmingly Catholics, but, unlike other Catholic nations, they have not passed through the Renaissance nor through the real Baroque. A church like "the Wies" in Bavaria or the monastery of Ottobeuren would bewilder them. In Ireland, after the Middle Ages came Protestant suppression, and Protestantism, we must never forget, was, and in a certain sense still is, the rigoristic protest *against* humanism, *against* the Renaissance. Almost up to the time of Catholic Emancipation, Irish Catholicism was "subterranean." It regained its vigor in the nineteenth century and slowly but surely rebuilt its society with new stratifications.

Yet the clergy is still for many Catholics their first *and* second Estate, and this in spite of the fact that there is today already a fragmentary Catholic upper crust besides the old Anglo-Irish nobility and gentry. As difficult as the reconstitution of a Catholic upper layer was the re-growth of a Catholic intellectual and artistic leadership. The difficulty has to be sought in the transition from the subterranean existence to an independent life while avoiding assimilation along Anglo-Irish Protestant patterns.

This is an unfinished task, a hard task, but it is being done. Ireland is a country of freedom, a country of warmth and human closeness, of color and sentiment—but it is not a country of ease. The Irish may be a people with a dreamy quality which lessens their sense of reality and accuracy; they may be one of the most poetic nations in the world; they may shift their attachments because new sights and new thoughts force them to revise their stand and their opinions, but basically they are a very serious, if not a deadly serious, people when the need for seriousness arises.

They emphatically do not have the flippancy, sensuousness and *largesse* which characterizes the Catholics of the Continent. Nudities in statues would be as little approved of in Dublin as in Harrisburg. If there is any similarity between American and Irish Catholicism it lies in the scrupulous observance of the Church laws. Sometimes one cannot help thinking that there is in Ireland more fear of sin, than there is enthusiasm for sanctity.

The Irish are mythologically and poetically inclined, yet their forte is neither the abstract nor the mystical. They are a people of songs more than of music. For these and similar reasons the Church in Ireland had not the impact one would expect on the rising generation of artists and intellectuals with a Catholic background. Many of them (witness James Joyce, Liam O'Flaherty, Seán O'Casey, Frank O'Connor) have "lapsed."

Catholicism and "modernity" here are more apart than anywhere else. There is a certain anti-clericalism in Ireland, but it is much more restricted and more impotent than its Continental counterpart—yet behind its camouflage it is a great deal more poisonous. Still, these observations do not impair the fact that the Church in Ireland is *the* thing which makes the country tick. The *Irish Times,* the mouthpiece of the Anglo-Irish group, may be the nation's most representative newspaper, but real Irish life is more vividly and genuinely reflected in the vigorously written pages of the *Standard,* the Catholic weekly which is widely read all over.

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THERE is still one completely unsolved problem—the question of Northern Ireland, of the so-called Six Counties. Without a solution no real Irish-English understanding is possible. The border between North and South is a very artificial one, and there is scant chance today that a plebiscite in the Six Counties would produce a majority for union with Eire. Yet it is equally certain that at least half of the territory of Northern Ireland would vote for union; all of Fermanagh and Tyrone and the greater part of Derry and Armagh. Yet any "demarkation line" drawn in accordance with the results of such referendum would create new problems. The remainder of Northern Ireland would lose its last agricultural resources; Eire's economy would not be supplemented with a much needed industrial area, and we would be where we started.

The solution of this painful issue probably lies with London rather than with Belfast. The apprehensions of the Protestants of the North are really unjustified. The record of the treatment of the Protestants in Eire is clean. Even the first President of Eire was a Protestant—the Gaelic scholar, Dr. Douglas Hyde. Yet these Protestants of the North feel as intensely Irish as their southern neighbors.

Among the younger generation in the Belfast region a slow change of opinion can be observed. There are enterprises like the Great Northern Railroad, which is administrated in common by the governments of Dublin and Belfast. Only after the question of Irish integrity is settled satisfactorily can one expect a renewal of the association of all of free Ireland with the Commonwealth of Nations. There are too many ties between the two isles, too many common interests, to accept the present pretence that Britain and Ireland do not need each other.

James A. McMaster, Fighting Editor

By RUSSELL J. JANDOLI

JAMES A. McMASTER, who guided the destinies of the *Freeman's Journal* of New York for almost forty years, was probably the most combative editor the American Catholic press ever had. He fought fellow-editors like Horace Greeley and Orestes Brownson with a flow of vituperation seldom seen in the Catholic press; he fought bishops and priests and brought condemnation upon himself and the outlawing of his newspaper in at least one diocese; he fought Abraham Lincoln and the national Administration and as a result his paper was suspended and he himself was thrown into jail. One critic, Father J. Talbot Smith, said that "he spared no one, high or low, who differed with him, and his invective was as bitter as an unlimited vocabulary could make it."

McMaster lived in a day when there was need of vigorous rhetoric as well as devotion, and he had an abundance of both. Though unknown today to most Catholics, he is regarded as one of the greatest champions of the Catholic Church in America. He had zeal, learning, indomitable courage, a masterful journalistic style, and a passionate love for his faith and the honor of the Church. There is good reason to believe that he has much to teach Catholic journalists today.

For one thing, he was a man of tremendous intellectual capacity. His father was an eminent Presbyterian minister in Duanesburg, near Schenectady, N. Y. (where James was born on April 1, 1820). The boy was brought up in the classical tradition. On his fifth birthday, McMaster's father presented him with a Latin grammar. By ten, he was reading Zenophon in the original. He scarcely had a boyhood. While he was enjoying the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, his contemporaries were groping among the three R's. At twelve, it is said, there was not a passage worth quoting in the whole of Shakespeare whose origin, by act and scene, he did not know. A favorite parlor trick for him was to open a volume of Shakespeare with his eyes shut and put his finger on the exact page containing a given quotation. He could also identify any passage in the Bible by book and chapter. He had a photographic memory and could recite page upon page of poetry after a single reading.

McMaster graduated from Union College at nineteen, and entered Columbia to study law. He soon became convinced that he could not practice law without compromising his moral integrity. He gave up law and entered the Protestant Episcopal Seminary in New York City to study for the ministry.

He already had acquired strong Catholic leanings. After four years in the seminary, the twenty-four-year-old McMaster was not granted a final examination. It is said that he would have thrown his examiners into confusion by his frank and outspoken manner. In truth, the Oxford Movement of John Henry Newman had made inroads in the seminary and several students, McMaster probably among them, were under surveillance. Some faculty members actually expressed fear that there were Jesuits in the seminary disguised as students. Unordained, he left the place in 1844.

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THE fruits of the imposing classical and religious training of this gifted intellectual were now channelized into Catholicism. Most of the time of the future editor was given up to studying Thomas Aquinas. He wrote to Dr. Newman on his doubts and fears and received guidance. In 1945, he went to the Redemptorist superior in New York, Father Gabriel Rumpler, for instructions. Overnight, he learned the penny catechism from cover to cover. Like Brownson, he found all he wanted to convince his intellect in this small catechism; he always attributed his conversion to divine grace.

McMaster's fiery spirit of later years was foreshadowed by an incident at the reception ceremony on June 7. While kneeling at the altar, candle in hand, reading his profession of faith to Father Rumpler, he accidentally set fire to the hair of one of the priests assisting at the ceremony. Afterwards, Father Rumpler remarked to the new convert, "Mr. McMaster, you begin well—setting fire to a priest." McMaster answered, "If I don't set fire to more than that it will be a pity."

Two months after his conversion, McMaster sailed for St. Trond, Belgium, to enter the Redemptorist novitiate. After a year in the novitiate, he became convinced that it was God's will he should not continue his studies. His master of novices shocked him one day with a prophecy. McMaster would return to America, he told him, and "become a Catholic journalist, and would lead many souls to God." Dejected, but indignant, McMaster rose to his feet and exclaimed: "Become a journalist! I would rather pick rags!" But soon after returning to the States, he changed his mind, sure again this was God's will. He consulted Father Rumpler.

"Since you are going to become a Catholic journalist," the priest advised him, "you must make yourself thoroughly acquainted with every truth that the Catholic Church teaches, and with the true meaning of each truth. Otherwise, you will not be able to render great service to our religion."

McMaster delved into Scripture and tradition deeper than ever before. And he traced their explanations down through the fathers and doctors of the Church, through general councils, and through the popes. Enemies of Catholicism gave him many an occasion to use this magnificent background in defending the Church, for in those days religious bigotry was rampant. McMaster entered the fray eagerly, showing extraordinary polemical skill in articles which came to appear in the *Freeman's Journal*. It seemed he feared no man. When not studying or tutoring or writing, he was accustomed to discuss topics of the day wherever men gathered to talk. McMaster's six-foot-two height and his large and spare frame made him a commanding figure; his nose was prominent and his eyes were those of an eagle. His thin face seemed to lend authority to his words; in later years he embellished it with a great growth of whiskers and sideburns.

McMASTER'S public utterances and his articles attracted the attention of Bishop John J. Hughes of New York. When the bishop took over management of the six-year-old *Freeman's Journal* in 1846, McMaster joined the staff. The Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley, later Archbishop of Baltimore, was editor, but evidently did little writing or editing. The main work was performed by McMaster. Accordingly, in 1848, McMaster became editor and proprietor of the paper.

Thus began what probably was the most illustrious editorial career in the annals of American Catholic journalism. McMaster held that the Catholic journalist ought to be free to express himself. He detested the idea of "organs," and frequently observed that a diocese with an organ was more apt to find it a hindrance than a help. He believed that a sense of independence was absolutely necessary to an honest and just expression of opinion. It was difficult for him to conceive, according to his friend and associate Maurice F. Egan, that an editor could attempt to discuss topics of importance in his journal when he was circumscribed in his views by the opinions and judgments of others.

Bishop Hughes himself apparently concurred fully. On July 3, 1849, he wrote McMaster: "I have no hesitation in saying that a real independent Catholic journal in this city is more required for the interests of religion at the present time than at any previous period. . . . I regard [the *Freeman's Journal*] as a right hearty Catholic journal, and beg leave to recommend it most earnestly to the Catholic clergy and laity of the diocese."

McMaster's conception of a worthy Catholic editor was one who not only edited but who spoke and wrote his views as well, not as an adjunct to the editor's job but as an integral part of it. He was a powerful writer, operating at times in the same arena as William Cullen Bryant, Charles Dana, Horace Greeley, and Orestes Brownson. Perhaps it was a failing that he seldom softened his words on a subject in which a principle was involved that he strongly believed. He was even a wounding writer at times, and in the use of invective he may have seemed to some too bitter.

"He had bold things to say and he said them without fear," the New York *Times* said when he died. "He shrank from no adversary. He became the target of every opponent of his Church but he returned every shot they fired at him."

Indeed, during the almost forty years of McMaster's editorship, scarcely a month passed that he did not expose some proselyting scheme carried on at public expense. In so doing, he displayed genuine editorial enterprise, for he considered the secular papers as competitors. In 1874, he scored a major beat over the large Manhattan papers with the disclosure that Hamilton Fish, the American Secretary of State, had been approached by the Spanish to ascertain if the U.S. would hold to the Monroe Doctrine and object to Spain's ceding a coaling station in the West Indies to Bismarck's Prussia. These tidings, published in a relatively small Catholic weekly, caused a minor sensation.

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McMASTER loved all lost causes and was a rebel to the core of his heart. His editorials stirred to action. They called for fight or surrender. But they corrected evils and reformed abuses. He backed the movement of some clergymen for a fixed canon law for the United States, and even supported the sending of an emissary to the Pope to plead the cause. He advocated associations for young Catholics when the idea was scarcely thought of.

He advocated ballot box reform at a time when he was nearly alone in the great effort to clean up the electoral system. He fought for Christian education over a long period, calling the public schools "godless" institutions. McMaster held that the state has no inherent right to educate our children, that this right belongs to parents who, by the law of nature, are free to educate their children in the school of their own choice. Year after year, he was assailed on all sides, but he fought for the principle to the last. Archbishop Corrigan of New York called him "the father of the parish school."

Defending the Constitution was almost an obsession with McMaster, and he stood up for it as quickly as he did for a Papal encyclical. He was an ultra states-rights Democrat and his sympathies for the South before and during the Civil War were very pronounced. During the Lincoln-Douglas debates, he flayed the former with his fiercest sarcasm. But although he went so far as to say the election of Lincoln would prove a national calamity, his attitude changed when the Illinois statesman became a duly-elected President.

ANY violation of the personal liberty of American citizens was the greatest of crimes with him. His editorials on war policy were unsparing. He soon created a bad impression on the authorities in Washington with his criticism of the Secretary of War. When he learned that his paper was soon to be suppressed, he became aroused. In the *Journal* for August 3, 1861, McMaster referred to the Administration as "a parcel of insane asses and fanatics and demagogues."

Use of the mails was refused to the *Journal* and the paper was forced to suspend on August 24, 1861. McMaster quickly published a substitute paper, the *Freeman's Appeal,* which proved even more critical than the *Journal.* By mid-September the government had reached the end of its patience. Secretary of State William H. Seward ordered the U.S. Marshal in New York to arrest McMaster. When deputies arrived to take him, he demanded to be handcuffed as a symbol of how the Constitution was being violated in his person. As he was being driven away in a carriage, McMaster recognized an acquaintance on the street and thrust his manacled hands through the open window. "There," he shouted. "there's Seward s work!"

Thirty-seven days later, on October 23, 1861, he was released. The *Journal* resumed publication the following April, its criticism of the government none the less outspoken. But McMaster was never again molested.

Although the motives of the editor of the *Journal* in this matter were soundly implanted in a patriotic principle and the government very likely committed an error of judgment in jailing a religious editor, McMaster does expose himself to some criticism as an intelligent journalist here. Indeed, at times he did fail to get all the facts or to hear both sides.

WHEN Bishop Peter J. Baltes of Alton, Ill., for a reason not given, forbade the circulation of the *Journal* in his diocese, it cut McMaster to the soul. Friends exerted themselves to increase the circulation in the diocese, but he refused to enter into controversy, contending that episcopal authority, however wrongly exercised, should still be obeyed. He could not understand how Bishop Baltes could oppose him when his own metropolitan see and many another diocese upheld him. "Impossible, Bishop, had you known my *Journal,* that you could have interdicted it," he wrote. As matters turned out, the Baltes affair was somewhat of a misunderstanding. The interdict was revoked.

It would be a mistake, thus, to regard McMaster as an able journalist without conceiving of him in the larger sense as a worthy Catholic journalist. Some of those actively engaged in the Catholic press today regard the two as incongruous or even antipathetic. Yet McMaster serves as an example as a fusing of the two with truly noteworthy results. He was a man of extraordinary personal sanctity. His family life was exemplary. Gertrude, his wife, married him on condition that he would help her save her soul. The children were reared in the most pious traditions. All three of his girls became nuns, an almost certain reflection of his own piety. He might even be accused of scrupulosity. He wore two pairs of scapulars, for example, for fear the strings of one might break. Constantly, he practiced mortification. Only after his death in 1886 was it discovered he wore a hair shirt.

McMaster fits into a pattern conceived by many who would alter the complexion of Catholic journalism in the way of independence of operation, boldness of spirit, and sagacity in world affairs.

Besides concentrating on religion and politics, McMaster enriched the columns of the *Journal* with vast amounts of history, biography, science, and literature.

Here also was a layman who battled on philosophy and theology with such great minds as Bishop Hughes, Bishop Kenrick, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and Orestes Brownson. The translations he made for the *Journal* of the great encyclicals of Pius IX and Leo XIII became the accepted American versions for both laity and clergy.

Those with a disposition to do so certainly can learn much from the McMaster method, whether or not they agree with it. Perhaps it remains for those in Catholic journalistic education to suggest ways and means. McMaster strongly advocated the training of young men for the profession of the Catholic journalist.

If at times James A. McMaster made priests and bishops shake their heads and look grave, they never doubted the loyalty of his faith nor the purity of his motives.

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The Mystery of Matriarchy

AMERICANS, given more than most peoples to public introspection and self-criticism, often allege about ourselves that we are a dependent and servile race of men. The Duke of Windsor is said to have remarked that as parents we are obedient to our children. It is even clamorously alleged that we sustain a myth about our women and that we live our lives subject to their deliberate tyranny. Men interested in generalizations maintain that women run our homes and possess our property and our children. Incentive is challenged by reward, and those who have discovered "Mom" find her wheedling, tearful, hysterical, controlling.

Wilson, the British hunter, is led to remark, in a famous Hemingway story, that the wife of Francis Macomber is "simply enamelled in that American female cruelty." And of American women in general there is this: "They are, he thought, the hardest in the world; the hardest, the cruelest, the most predatory and the most attractive and their men have softened or gone to pieces nervously as they have hardened." The whole story—*The Short and Happy Life of Francis Macomber*—is an extended revelation of this proposition.

Hemingway is not alone in this belief, and other artists making discoveries long before the social scientists disclose that we live not in a democracy but under a matriarchy. Margaret Mead recently pointed out that the use of the word "patriarch" no longer has any meaning as applied to our American society.

If these judgments on our women have any correspondence to reality, it was not always so. Indeed, if the judgments contain truth, one might say that our women are taking revenge on us for the hardships of an earlier time. "The confession of Benet's John Vilas," Morison and Commager point out, "might have been true of a whole generation of pioneers":

> I took my wife out of a pretty house,
> I took my wife out of a pleasant place,
> I stripped my wife of comfortable things,
> I drove my wife to wander with the wind.

Hamlin Garland, one of our earlier realists, was able to write with truth:

> Even my youthful zeal faltered in the midst of a revelation of the lives led by women on the farms of the middle border. Before the tragic futility of their suffering, my pen refused to shed its ink. Over the hidden chamber of their maternal agonies I drew the veil.

Perhaps there is, as some maintain, a communal memory, and we are victims of it. One who listens to our love songs is constantly aware of the sharp difference between their saccharine quality and the character of our marriages. Thurber's famous cartoon called "House and Woman," or "Man in Tree," reminds us of the difference. Mrs. Macomber's cold and awesome omnipresence may preside over more homes than many of us are willing to admit.

Indeed it might well be that the troubled and harsh judgment critics are now making on Hemingway have caused us to overlook some haunted, searching quality in him and in his work. His critics accept his Catherine Barclay but reject the "little rabbit" of his Spanish novel and disrespect the General's "Daughter" in his latest book. But all romantics are men who are trying to survive a knowledge of life which they prefer to suppress or deny. They strive to convince themselves that their experience is peculiar, that its single-colored garment is not the only one and that, like Joseph's, there are coats of many colors. Save for that single insight, the fact is that about Hemingway's women there is, if not a submissiveness, a quality of comfort and even of obedience. It is the other side of dedication, of which Wilson is a lesser and self-embarrassed example:

> "By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death and let it go which way it will he that dies this year is quit for the next."

Robert Jordan is a fuller example:

> "Each one does what he can. You can do nothing for yourself but perhaps you can do something for another."

It is as if Hemingway, being unable to find the unenameled woman, had decided to create her. And it is as if being ourselves unable to find her we resent not so much his creation of her as his half-acknowledged necessity for doing it.

IT IS the fashion among those whose criticism of American women is most severe to assign as a reason for it the ubiquitous presence of the female schoolteacher. "Statistics show," a psychologist said to me the other day, "that the incidence of frustration among women schoolteachers is shockingly high." I have no present means of knowing whether or not this is true. Frustration is a word which passes easily as currency, but I have some quiet doubts about its psychological buying power. In any event I am without knowledge of the public-school teacher since I was taught by nuns. Nonetheless, one is going a long way, it seems to me, who would use

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the putative frustrations of schoolteachers to account for the existence of our supposed matriarchy. That we submit to our women because submission is a pattern of action learned in our public schools seems to me as unwarranted a conclusion as man has ever made. It does violence to everything except my sense of comedy.

Nuns are different in some ways than they were in my day, but so is every other group. There was then a roughness and a sense of violence in the young which I no longer observe. Whether or not the young were rougher because those in authority were rougher is not a proposition I am prepared to admit.

One of the difficulties about the exercised authority of the fathers, I remember from those days, was its frenetic and spasmodic character. The father in James Joyce's terrorizing story, *Counterparts,* and in less epiphanized way, the father in Joyce's story *Eveline,* are examples of what I mean. It operated, of course, in an imported atmosphere of Irishry, and it is likely, as in the case of the man in *Counterparts,* it burst against a world shadowed by grievances I never knew anything about. It was an authority which was unsure of itself; from it one walked as if tethered, not knowing how far exactly one could go or with what unpredictable violence one would be pulled up. And yet if it provoked to escape, to a cutting of the invisible line which held one, it invited inventions of strategy, it evoked the creation of patterns of subtlety and even fleetness. Save for the nuns, with whom masculine authority was invisible and felt alliance, the relation of women to it was polygonal. I can remember no pattern because the adjustments to situations are as varied as character and invention can produce.

IT IS often argued that the family was a compact unit which no longer exists in quite the same way. It may be true. Age brings to us often nostalgia not for what we had but for what we imagine we had. Age makes us forget even that we forget, and it washes out of the mind all that is difficult and distasteful. We forge childhoods as men forge passports for a country which they prefer but are not allowed to live in.

The fact seems to be that the older family was one in which was exercised a good deal of authority accompanied by spasms of tyranny. In the period I am talking about, say fifty years ago, little of this was maternal. Joyce's Eveline wanting to go from her home and yet wanting to stay, can reflect that "even now, though she was over nineteen, she sometimes felt herself in danger of her father's violence. She knew it was that that had given her the palpitations." The judgment has its counterparts not only in Ireland but in England and in the United States as well.

Indeed, English literature is filled with the patent horror of being young. Dickens and Thackeray and Coleridge have left forever unassailed by any doubt the incredible life of boys. The tyrant ruled the schoolroom as well as the home, and all the tyranny was paternal. The switch, the stick, the ferule were the felt instruments of discipline. Our own Emerson held that between students and teachers eternal warfare existed, and it is no wonder.

It seems to me that the family is a much friendlier thing than it was in my day. It is there in authority, of course, as there must be command and obedience in every institution. In it is a greater sense of equality, more communication, and in it more responsibility is allowed to be developed. There is more overt and admitted love. There are fewer pinched personalities, and between the teachers and the taught there is, I think, a freer and a franker relationship.

If our women are such that Mrs. Macomber is a symbol of them—and it is a proposition supported by much evidence—I do not know how to account for it. But my own experience does not persuade me that the process is explained by the presence of the female school teacher. Her we have had with us a long time. Matriarchy, if it is as dominant a feature of our lives as some allege, does not seem to be the fruit of her handiwork.

Hemingway's Wilson raises the question: "Is it that they pick men they can handle?" He answers it by saying: "They can't know that much at the age they marry."

It seems to me that he is wrong. They do know that much. I have no doubt about that. However you explain them, it is certain that they pick men they can handle. But that is a separate argument.

The Stage

The Shrike

JOSEPH Kramm's melodrama is a contrived one: the author hustles a would-be suicide into a hospital ward, slowly reveals that his wife has brought him to this pass, turns him over to an obtuse group of psychiatrists who accept the wife's solicitude at face value and persistently disbelieve the obvious, and then sends him back to total destruction in her arms as the only means of freeing him from incarceration in a mental institution. For all the low-key realism with which it is written, the play is an unlikely fancy.

José Ferrer, who has not only produced and directed but is playing the leading role, turns it into a plausible, compelling and finally terrifying study in disintegration. Mr. Ferrer's performance is, moment by moment, so authentic, so sensitive, so revealing that what is on the surface incredible comes to have the complete conviction of a nightmare.

As the husband of the play pathetically attempts to demonstrate his own sanity, to fight off the beginnings of an actual crackup, and at last to pretend love for a woman he abhors, the audience is chilled to the bone,

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disturbed as Mr. Ferrer is disturbed, and altogether swept into the actor's own vision of the part and the play. This is a rare demonstration of the actor's power to bring insight, authority, and life itself to an underwritten and not entirely honest script.

Mr. Ferrer has also seen to it that everyone else in a large company shares his own belief in what is going on. There isn't a careless or conventional performance in the lot: the stage is restlessly alive throughout the evening, and every passing figure, however fragmentarily written, is made swiftly and surgically real. There isn't room here for the tributes that might honestly be handed out. But Judith Evelyn's remarkable accomplishment in making the predatory wife believable and even moving should not go unnoticed; and there are incredibly good bit performances from Will Kuluva, Joe Comadore, Billy M. Greene, Edward Platt, Arthur Jarrett, Isabel Bonner, and Phyllis Hill.

There is no pretending, though, that the success of the evening isn't entirely due to Ferrer. This is surely his own best performance, and I can remember only two or three from other actors in the past ten years which have been so completely gripping. (*At the Cort*)

Fancy Meeting You Again

The new George Kaufman-Leueen MacGrath comedy deals with reincarnation, and one of its plot points turns on the notion that people are graded on their various historical reappearances. Nero, we are told, got a Z his first time out, a C when he turned up as Napoleon, and is currently rating a B as Harry Truman. This sad little jest, I am sorry to say, is a characteristic sample of the authors' inventiveness throughout the play, and I am afraid they rate a straight F.

There is simply no buoyance at all to this effortful, involved, and generally lame charade. Mr. Kaufman is a genuinely witty man, but working with his wife does not seem to agree with him, and he is here caught making feeble stabs at the kind of repartee in which he normally excels. It is as though he were being polite at a very dull party, doing his best to say a few bright things to people who expect it of him but whose very presence stifles the antic spirit.

In the past Mr. Kaufman has been happiest writing lines for two variations on a single character-type: the deadpan fellow who is naive, and the deadpan girl who is hep. There was enough difference between them to keep a play moving, but both belonged to the same comic family: the quietly, preposterously, bland. Mr. Kaufman's characters, and Mr. Kaufman himself, are funniest when they are saying something outrageous in elaborately innocent tones. But the people of "Fancy Meeting You Again" are a bunch of eager-beavers and they seem to swallow Mr. Kaufman alive.

There is a sculptress, played by Miss MacGrath, who has been chasing her man for five thousand years, and she is still very busy about it; there is the man who has been running from her for the same amount of time, and who is still churlish and fidgety; there is a ranting judge, a garrulous clubwoman, and a chilling visitor from the beyond—none of them laconic enough, or dry enough, or simple enough, to make use of the casual sarcasm which is Kaufman's stock in trade. Only in Margaret Hamilton's extraneous secretary is there room for any degree of caustic observation, but the people on whom it might be turned are themselves so wearying that all resistance is lowered and the few gags that come through have an air of foreseen defeat. "Fancy Meeting You Again" is a tired and tiring improvisation. (*Closed at the Royale*)

Desire Under the Elms

AFTER a long silence we are getting some O'Neill revivals again, and the American National Theatre and Academy has done a very respectable job on this one. Its chief virtue, it seems to me, lies in the opportunity it gives us to study O'Neill's effects at first, rather than second, hand. Director Harold Clurman has seen to it that the issue is not confused by slovenly playing or indifferent production.

What emerges is a slightly pretentious, faintly overblown, but earnestly theatrical labor. O'Neill dealt directly with situations of genuine emotional power: in "Desire Under the Elms" we get a father in murderous conflict with his sons, a mother willing to destroy her own child to further a passionate love affair. These make for open scenes, scenes in which passion approaches its absolutes, and O'Neill is never afraid of them. Because he slashes at them with dynamic fury, and because he exhausts himself and his characters before he is through with them, the play rises to climaxes of shrill and pounding excitement.

But because O'Neill was never content to rest on his human content, to confine himself to the agonies of persons, "Desire Under the Elms" suffers—as does so much of his work—from the hollowness of overexpansion. The characters must be made to represent so much more than any single, breathing figure ever does—must carry such a load of social examination and frequently artificial spiritual mathematics—that they wind up looking like icons, if not like cultural advertisements. Harold Clurman has tended to stress this half-reality in the earlier portions of the current production, and it is not until the second act that Carol Stone, Douglas Watson, and Karl Malden are able to break free into the honest, heated, and head-on furies of flesh and blood.

The production as a whole is overly styled, and perhaps a little too dedicated, but it outlines what O'Neill had in mind with such precise clarity that it should be of real help to the theatre student who would like to make up his mind about the author, and the twentieth-century American stage, but whose opportunities for doing so have been limited to unreliable productions, or to no productions at all. (*At the* ANTA *Playhouse*)

WALTER KERR.

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The Screen

Cheaper by the Score

THE subject of adopting and raising other people's children has interested movie-makers for some time—no doubt because the subject also interests movie-goers. It reached its zenith last year in a tear-jerker called "The Blue Veil" in which Jane Wyman cared for a series of children not her own and kept audiences' eyes moist right up to the sentimental finale, when the ducts spilled over and tears flowed down the aisles. The newest venture in this subject is *"Room for One More,"* and while it jerks many a tear, it also has the advantage of being based on a true story (of the Rose family in Montclair, N. J.) and having a remarkably spry sense of humor.

The mother (played by Betsy Drake with a directness and fresh vitality that are not characteristic of the mom type) has a penchant for strays: dogs, cats, rabbits or whatever—and they all seem to please the three little Rose children, who are very happy and well-adjusted kids, indeed. "Poppy" Rose (Cary Grant) who earns only a modest salary as a city engineer but has plenty to time to play with his three kids, draws the line, however, when Mother brings home a "disturbed" adolescent (Iris Mann) a sullen, unpleasant girl of thirteen whose real parents don't want her.

"Poppy" agrees to let her stay for two weeks, and, although she proves quite a problem, acting like "Dillinger's child" as she does, the Roses, with their convivial spirits and good sense, are able to help her. Wise Mother Rose is particularly successful in helping the girl get over her feeling of distrust and dependency on adults.

But, never a dull moment for the Roses. Hardly is this girl settled down in the family when Mother Rose brings in another stray, a mentally retarded cripple whose leg braces soften Poppy's heart in spite of the fact that the mean streak in this twelve-year-old boy sets the whole family on edge and causes a series of nasty rows.

Don't think that "Room for One More" is by any means a lot of Pollyana guff. The script, which stems from Anna Perrot Rose's biographical book, makes it clear that the Roses had no easy time guiding their own or their adopted children. But the film's good cast, directed by Norman Taurog, and the family's good will and big heartedness manage to give the whole piece a warm glow. The touches that are a little too cute and obvious are well off-set by certain effectively handled scenes—as when harassed Poppy beginning to feel like a "disturbed" adult, goes to heckle his wife, who is giving a parent-teachers lecture on adopting children, and hears her say how thoroughly her husband has won the undying love of every member of his family; or the scene in which the re-made crippled boy, honored as an Eagle Scout, tells how he was helped by his "parents." When you see "Room for One More," you'll understand why the completely unselfish Roses, who had their full share of aches and pains and ups and downs, were a loving and happy family.

THERE'S a much different kind of family in the picture called *"The Family Secret."* Actually this is an expanded soap opera about a young man (John Derek) who kills a friend in self defense and then covers up his deed with the help of an over-indulgent mother and father (Erin O'Brien-Moore and Lee J. Cobb). The mother stands by the boy wholeheartedly and thinks only of saving him from notoriety. The father, a lawyer who apparently has some conscience, is greatly disappointed in his son and realizes his own responsibility for having spoiled and pampered the boy through the years. If Director Henry Levin had decided who was the central character in this story (actually the father) and then had developed the themes from that point of view, this film could have had some interesting characterizations. But obviously I'm asking for too much in this case. The contrived plot and shallow characters go from bad to worse. We lose all respect for the boy when he allows some one else to be tried for the murder, and not even his change of heart at the finale wins us over. What this movie needs, as well as a new script, is some of the genuine love and understanding displayed by the Rose family.

WHETHER or not the families started in the curious comedy called *"The Model and the Marriage Broker"* ever work out very well isn't indicated by the picture itself. It is a haphazardly put together movie about a woman who, for a price, finds mates for lonely individuals. Although Thelma Ritter is a good actress and is at times effective in the role, she gets little help from the script, which too often kids her profession and in some instances treats marriage as a straight business contract that can be made and unmade with money.

I should think real marriage brokers would deny this. The part of the plot that is concerned with the eventual getting-together of a lingerie model (Jeanne Crain) and an X-ray technician (Scott Brady) is so poorly thought out (and surprisingly poorly acted too) that one wonders if marriage brokers are only interested in the fee. You know that the matches organized by an efficient busybody like Miss Ritter won't follow the Roses' example of making room for one more.

ANOTHER family picture, *"Week-End With Father"* completely wastes a good cast on a banal plot about a widower (Van Heflin) with two daughters who gets together with a widow (Patricia Neal) with two sons. The slapstick gets sadistic and you shudder to think what will happen when the two families merge. Stay away.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Communications

"Thunder in the East"

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: The article headed "Thunder in the East," by Dr. Josef Korbel, which appeared in the November 16 issue of your journal, not only misinterprets the issues involved in the Kashmir dispute but contains several substantive errors of established fact. This is particularly unfortunate, as Dr. Korbel is a former Chairman of the UN Commission on Kashmir and his article is likely to be regarded by most readers as an authoritative and impartial pronouncement on the subject.

Dr. Korbel, like any other person, is entitled to make his own interpretations and draw his own conclusions, but on questions of fact, especially where those questions have been established by the Commission itself, one would expect Dr. Korbel not to import any innovations.

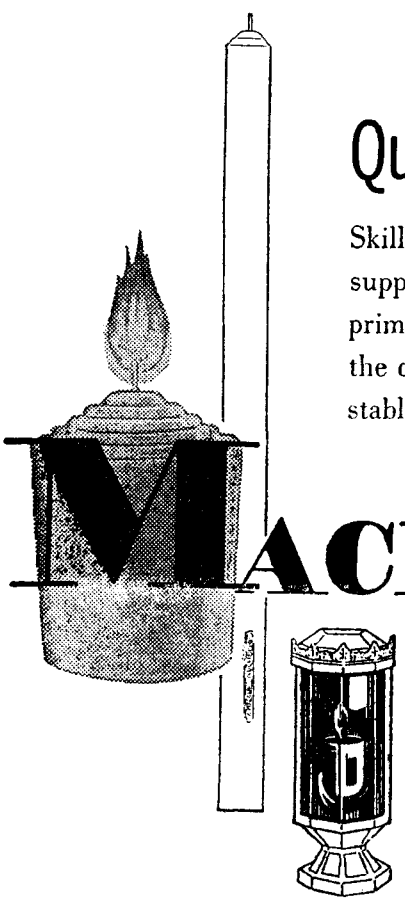
Take Dr. Korbel's reference to the fighting in Kashmir. He states that "the question of who started it may remain forever a mystery." The Commission's reports would show that it has been established beyond dispute that on October 20, 1947, before Kashmir acceded to India, the State's territory was invaded by hostile elements from across the Pakistan border, in contravention of international law. Ample evidence was forthcoming that the invaders were equipped by Pakistan and accompanied by Pakistan nationals as well as members of Pakistan regular forces in disguise.

To defend the State against this invasion, the Maharaja, supported by Sheikh Abdullah, the Muslim head of the Kashmir Nationalist Party, appealed to India for help and made an offer of accession to India. The Government of India accepted the accession on October 26, 1947, in order to give legality to the dispatch of Indian troops for the defense of the State.

On January 1, 1948, India filed a complaint with the Security Council against Pakistan's assistance to the invaders. This was emphatically denied by Pakistan, but was later proved by the UN Commission and subsequently admitted by Pakistan.

On May 8, 1948, in contravention of international law, units of the regular Pakistan army moved into the territory of the State. One reason given for this military operation was the recommendation of the Commander-in-Chief of Pakistan that an easy victory of the Indian army was almost certain to arouse the anger of the invading tribesmen against Pakistan "for failure to render them more direct assistance." These facts are proved in the Security Council's official records and the report submitted by Sir Owen Dixon who was sent by the UN to act as mediator in Kashmir.

In his report, Sir Owen Dixon clearly stated: ". . . When the frontier of the State of Jammu and



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Kashmir was crossed, on, I believe, 20 October, 1947, by hostile elements, it was contrary to international law, and that when, in May 1948, as I believe, units of the regular Pakistan forces moved into the territory of the State, that too was inconsistent with international law. . . ." There is thus no mystery as to who started the fighting in Kashmir.

Dr. Korbel states that "Nehru refuses to accept the policy of the UN, and the Indian armies are on the Pakistan front." This is another serious misrepresentation, the reference to the Indian armies being particularly mischievous and at best only half-true.

The whole problem of Kashmir was dealt with in two resolutions of the UN Commission, dated August 13, 1948 and January 5, 1949.

The first resolution sought to resolve the Kashmir problem in three stages—(1) by a cease-fire; (2) by a truce, during which Pakistan would persuade the tribal invaders to withdraw its own regular forces, while India would withdraw the bulk of her forces; and (3) the holding of a plebiscite. India accepted this resolution on written assurances given by the Chairman of the Commission that the defence of the area evacuated by the invaders would revert to the Government of India and its administration to the State Government of Kashmir, and that the forces which Pakistan had raised and armed in the area of her occupation ("Azad Kashmir") would be disbanded and disarmed to insure the security of that area and to enable refugees who had fled from the invaders to return home for the plebiscite.

The second resolution provided for the appointment of a plebiscite administrator who would start functioning after demilitarization had been effected according to the plan embodied in the Commission's first resolution.

Since then, however, various proposals have been made which in effect depart from the agreed resolutions and the connected assurances. India has resisted every such proposal, and has reiterated her stand by the agreed resolutions and assurances given to her.

The alleged "refusal" alluded to by Dr. Korbel is therefore nothing more than India's insistence that, just as she is prepared to honor her own obligations, so too must the assurances given to her be honored.

As early as October 27, 1947, when accepting Kashmir's accession, Pandit Nehru voluntarily gave a pledge that the question of the State's continued accession to India would be decided by a free plebiscite of the people, as soon as the soil of Kashmir was cleared of the invader. India stands by this pledge, and but for the continued occupation of nearly half of the State by the Pakistan army, the plebiscite could have been held long ago.

P. L. BHANDARI,
Public Relations Officer,
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"Southern Parish"

New Orleans, La.

TO THE Editors: If every reader of the Commonweal had his own copy of my book *Southern Parish,* my answer to Father Furfey's remarks would be unnecessary. The reader could simply open the book at the indicated pages and realize the weakness of the criticism.

Father Furfey again lets himself wide open. He claims (*Jan. 4 issue*) to have found a new sample of my errors in that I "contradict my own data." There is a "discrepancy of 12,246" between the total of Sunday Mass attendance summed from Table 16, and the total summed from the average Sunday Mass attendance given on page 152.

It is amazing that Father Furfey ignores an elementary rule of social analysis which says that the universes from which data are taken must be comparable. The total from Table 16 refers *only to parishioners seven years of age and older.* The total from page 152 refers to the actual count *of all the people* attending Sunday Mass (including children under seven, undoubtedly some non-Catholics and other non-parishioners).

This blunder is even more elementary than the one Father Furfey made in his review, when he said that the *average* Sunday Mass attendance could be used as a basis for the estimate of parishioners who actually attended Mass *on every Sunday of the year.* These blunders indicate that statisticians ought to pay close attention to the text surrounding the statistics before making hasty charges of error.

(REV.) JOSEPH H. FICHTER, S.J.

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Books

Spark of Life. Erich Maria Remarque. Appleton Century Crofts. $3.75.

ERICH Maria Remarque has written a novel on one of the most evil creations of our time, the concentration camp. He has not measured up to his theme. Allowing for the difficulty in depicting what are truly incredible horrors, with its concomitant tendency to appear constantly and unbearably sensational or melodramatic, the novel never passes the level of professional writing, gliding along a surface dented occasionally by outbursts of sincere indignation. Probably it is not the fault of the writer in question; it is likely a more talented writer could do no more. The experience of the concentration camp cannot be transformed into a work of art in a novel except with reference to something outside of the concentration camp—its end, its deliverance. For the horror of the hopelessness of the concentration camp cannot be grasped. There is a limit to the vicarious powers of art, there is a limit to the imagination. There is no limit to the horror of the concentration camp.

The novel centers around 509, a former editor of an anti-Communist, anti-Fascist publication, who by his example keeps alive a small group of prisoners set apart from the others because of their imminent death. He has managed to hold onto hope, and although he is killed shortly before the American liberation, he succeeds in his fight. He has become the symbol of the triumph of the person over the technical barbarism of the camp.

His success, however, is in part due to the existence of outside forces, to the arrival of the American forces. Without the liberation, without the witnesses, who would there be to attest to his martydom? A martyr can die proudly in the conviction of the efficacy of his death for a cause. But there must be a knowledge of his martyrdom (though how efficacious was Matteotti's death for the Italians?). One must know when, where, how, a person made the sacrifice. When a man may no longer be allowed to die publicly for his beliefs but is instead shipped away, entirely cut off from the outside world, subject to a technique which will systematically strip him of the awareness of himself as a person; when his life ceases to be a personal experience, and is reduced to a broken, nameless moaning, how can martyrs be known? In such an ordeal the brute will to live is itself the greatest possible heroic gesture. It is impossible to dwell on the fate of most of the victims of the concentration camps without instinctively and immediately conjuring up those who survive. The mind almost steadfastly refuses to think of concentration camps without the thought of the few surviving heroes saved by a liberation.

Erich Maria Remarque's novel does not, and probably no novel can, convey this horror. It does, however, intimate its thoroughness and effectiveness. The title is apt. In the survivors, a spark of life is all that is left, and a spark can easily be put out. The memory of the nameless, featureless mass can also be quickly

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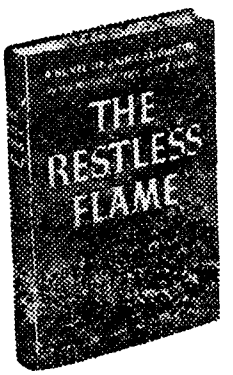

"Seldom does one find such quantity and variety of excitement and drama packed into 284 pages as there is in *The Restless Flame.* There is the political excitement of the last years of the Roman Empire; there is drama and excitement in the theological struggles of the day, particularly in the struggle to subdue the Arian and Manichean heresies; there is the great personal drama of the life of St. Augustine, who *is* the restless flame."—*America.* 3rd printing.

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snuffed out. From this point of view the novel is justified. It reminds us that the will to believe is certainly not at all stronger than the will to disbelieve and to forget.

SERGE HUGHES.

The Fathers of the Western Church. Robert Payne. Viking. $5.

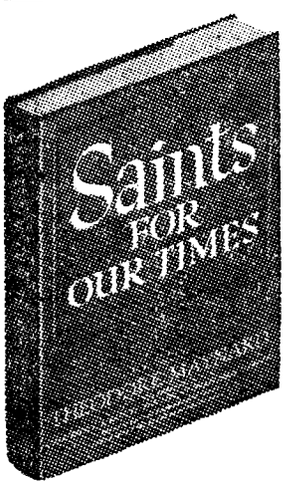
THE outstanding features of this volume are that it was written and that it has been published. Robert Payne, the remarkably prolific author, is a young man born in England and living in Alabama who has written an unbelievable number of books and must hurry. On the current book lists, in addition to *The Fathers of the Western Church,* Mr. Payne is represented by *Blue Negro and Other Stories, Red Lion Inn,* and *The Marshall Story* (the General, that is), which have followed fast on a series about the Chinese situation, etc. The particular essays which make up this book, then, are not very plunging, and the unified effect of the whole work not very deep nor very clear. Nevertheless, the writer chose a good, if limited, objective, and capably surrounded it.

The great men and saints "introduced" by Robert Payne have assuredly been neglected by writers and publishers, and hardly less so by recent sacred and secular historians and scholars and teachers and men of affairs. American Catholics are engaged now, happily, in two efforts to translate and present the written works of the Church Fathers—both Western and Eastern—but so far those enterprises have remained quite special and interest in them narrowly restricted. There has been small effect reflected in the education or talk or life of the Christian body of the country. Those who might be tempted to deplore the smallness or superficiality of Mr. Payne's treatment should be asked to point out a better, or any, treatment readily available elsewhere.

After an introduction, the book has a chapter on "The Forerunners." This means principally Saint Paul, and a bit about Saint Clement of Rome, and then Polycarp and Saint Ignatius of Antioch, Irenaeus and Justin Martyr, and the anonymous "Letter to Diognetus." The next chapter is called "The Whisperer and the Thunderer," who were, according to Mr. Payne, Marcus Minucius Felix and the great and bewildering Tertullian. Then eight saints receive a chapter, or essay, to themselves: Ambrose, Jerome, Augustine, Benedict, Gregory, Bernard, Francis of Assisi and Thomas Aquinas.

Whether these should all be termed "fathers" is, of course, a question in itself. We are told they are included in this book because they were great in moulding the mind and spirit of western civilization, which, indisputably, they were. Mr. Payne turned to Gregory the Great and his predecessors also because they lived and struggled when an age was running out in chaos and a new age was taking form, "like ours."

The men of this book were colossal on a real and no make-believe scale. This quick book in no case measures their stature. One dimension it



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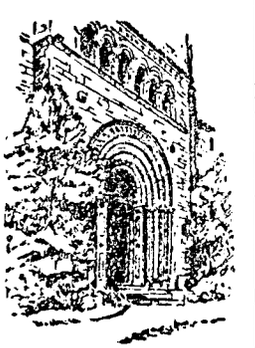

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hardly sights at all: the dogmatic, theological reach of their thought and influence. That was the main weight and mass of the classic Fathers of the Church. Robert Payne does not try to make dogma come alive; he tries as much as possible to avoid theology. Offhand, it seems a fairly fantastic treatment for a Jerome, an Augustine, a Tertullian and Thomas Aquinas, and it is surprising that so much remains besides.

The book avoids not only dogmatic theology, but also ascetical and mystical theology. This creates impossible difficulties in human psychological interpretation. These biographies try hard to portray the outsize energy and creative vitality of their heroes, but the mystery of their lives is compounded when their purpose and reason is largely passed over and left aside in the field of unentered controversy. Within the covers of *The Fathers of the Western Church* the author hazards no serious guess about what these men sought and what force vitalized their voice and pen and example. Calling them "the patrician," "the hermit," "the sensualist," "the school master," "the proud warrior," "the singer," "the lover," and "the angelic doctor," provides small insight to substitute for their avowed search through grace for the beatific vision.

Robert Payne gives no intimate acquaintance with the Fathers and no comprehensive sympathy with their immense thoughts and splendid spirits. He does, nevertheless, turn us to them with a positive, human, historical appreciation; and he does furnish a number of thoughts and sentences which are more than only passing and incidental phrases of introduction.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

Literature through Art. A New Approach to French Literature. Helmut A. Hatzfeld. Oxford. $7.50

ANDRE Gide, as Joseph Frank's brilliant essay "Spatial Form in Modern Literature" reminds us, once remarked that Lessing's *Laokoon* is one of those books that it is good to reiterate or contradict every thirty years. Dr. Hatzfeld, in his new book, while explicitly accepting as valid the "laws" whereby *Laokoon* settled the boundaries between literature and art, has employed the categories of Heinrich Wölfflin (*Kunstgeschichtliche; Grundbegriffe*) to show modestly the reciprocal illumination that individual works of literature and art give one another in each epoch of French civilization from the Romanesque period to our own day.

Modestly. Oskar Walzel (*Wechselseitige Erhellung der Künste, Gehalt und Gestalt im Kunstwerk des Dichters,* etc.) has been criticized for the increasing lack of moderation with which he pressed into similar service those same Wölfflin categories.

Indeed it does not seem entirely safe to generalize about the reciprocal relationship of literature and art history as *wholes*. René Wellek directs attention, for example, to the test discrepancies between William Blake's "tigers" (poem and illustration) and between Thackeray's "Becky Sharps."

While we are in Dr. Hatzfeld's hands, however, we are not called upon to make any extravagant acts of faith. For, while he is allowed to control the examples, we do find each of his hundred reproductions of French art bringing into high relief some related element, that might otherwise have escaped our notice or our comprehension, in a prose pas-

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sage or poem. Or we find the prose or verse selection similarly illuminating the art piece. The result is that, whether we reach any conclusions or not about the theory the author seeks to establish, we get in reading the book an exhilarating and enriching experience.

Any such trip through the French galleries and the French anthology is enriching, of course; but here our guide happens to be almost the only Catholic in our country who brings thorough scholarship and communicable sensitivity to the fields of both art and literature. Thus, if only for the unusually fine complex experience it manages to offer, Dr. Hatzfeld's book—in an age of specialization—seems an astonishing triumph of a humane man of letters.

Two things might improve any future edition of the book. First, even better reproductions of the pictures, with some in color (where color is in question). Second, translation of all the selections, not just of Old French and of random prose selections; more readers could thus share Dr. Hatzfeld's wealth.

WILLIAM J. KERRIGAN.

God in Our Daily Life. Hilda C. Graef. Newman. $3.25.

AFTER the excitement over *The Case of Therese Neuman,* any book by Hilda Graef would arouse interest. Her latest volume, *God in Our Daily Life,* is one of an increasing library on basic spirituality, for (and not infrequently by) layfolk; as such it merits and is assured of a welcome.

The publisher promotes it as "A guide to common-sense Godward living covering our everyday life." The book itself seems to warrant somewhat less enthusiasm. The opening chapters, traditional enough, would serve as a commentary on sections of Tanquery's *Spiritual Life,* and there are certain parts, notably the chapter on Spiritual Direction and the Epilogue on Clergy and Laity, which would provide uncommonly profitable reading for sincere layfolk. But as a "guide to Godward living," the book is considerably less complete than the chapter-headings suggest. And some few parts are more than ordinarily open to question.

One entire section, for example, is devoted to "Praying with the Church." It might more aptly be called "Praying Alongside the Church". The chapters on the Church Year leave just beyond reach the key to living that Year. It is difficult not to arrive at the impression that the author is more concerned with cultivating devotion to the liturgy than with the living of it.

Any elementary guide in matters spiritual would have difficulty in reaching the lay level it seeks. Even if the mechanics of the spiritual life were reasonably simplified, there would still remain an all too scant readership among those for whom it is written. The common-sense treatment of the spiritual life in this book augurs a wide circulation, but it will be largely among those who are above its level. And many of these readers, I fear, will be disappointed at its incompleteness.

MERWYN F. NUXOLL.

Selected Writings of Herman Melville. Random House. $2.45.

PERHAPS more readers should be aware that the greatest writer of prose narrative this country has produced is Herman Melville. And for the to-be-envied neophyte here is a volume in the Modern Library—truly a Giant in the series—to instruct and enchant. To be sure, the greatest Melville novel, *Moby Dick,* has been long available in another volume in the same series; next to it, this latest volume contains the author's most important work.

Three different periods are represented here: his earliest novel, *Typee,* finished in 1845; fifteen of his best short stories, written between 1853 and 1856 (only a short time after *Moby Dick,* published in 1851); and *Billy Budd,* begun sometime in 1888 and finished in 1891, only five months before his death. One of the finest and most justly famous of the shorter pieces is *Benito Cereno,* included here, as are all of *The Piazza Tales.* It has always been a mystery to this reviewer as to the reasons for Joseph Conrad's reputed dislike of Melville's work. And the reading of this immense volume as well as of *Moby Dick* would seem to awaken the suspicion, let us hope undeserved, that the Anglo-Polish writer was more than dimly aware of the American writer's having stolen his thunder. For there is something of the same mood in many writings of the two men, and can anyone doubt that Melville was the greater narrator of the two? In any case, there is good measure for the money here.

JOHN COURNOS.

Saint Benedict and His Times. Ildephonse Cardinal Schuster. Herder. $6.

AS the principal source for this authoritative work is the Dialogues of Saint Gregory, much of it is taken up with the miracles Benedict worked in his lifetime. Otherwise there is scant detail about the life of the founder of Western monasticism. However, the author's great knowledge of the terrain and the period in Rome, of Church history and the tradition of the Order does enable him to supply many highly probable hypotheses about the Saint.

What flows from the concept of the monastery as the School of the Lord's Service bears considering. The monastic day was divided into prayer, labor and study. Food, rest and clothing had to be sufficient. The Divine Office, to which ten hours of the day were devoted, embraced much of the knowledge of the time. Only such monks as could perform the roles fittingly were permitted to lead the community in its various ceremonies. A good part of each morning and most of Sunday were set aside for study. This cultural emphasis in the ideas of Saint Benedict explains the monk's preeminence in civilizing the people of Europe. Cardinal Schuster believes that the Benedictine rule took precedence over other contemporary monastic rules because of its strong juridical character.

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